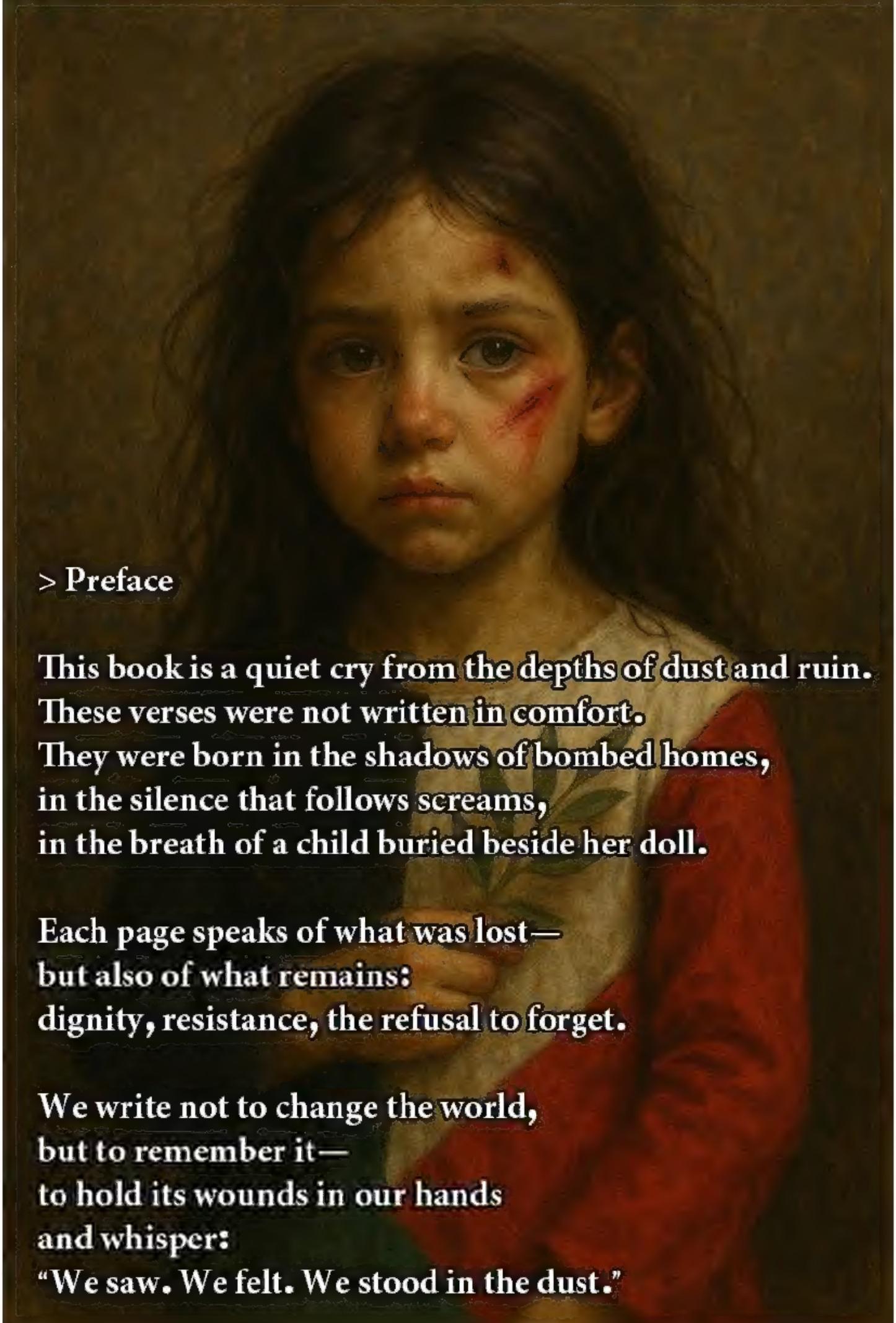


Standing in the Dust

Ten Poetic Reflections on Palestine

A woman with long dark hair and a somber expression stands in the center of the frame. Her face is partially obscured by shadows, but she has a small, stylized painting on her cheek featuring red and green colors. She wears a simple dark t-shirt. The background is dark and hazy, suggesting a scene of destruction or smoke, with faint outlines of what might be ruined buildings or trees.

From Iran, with heart



> Preface

This book is a quiet cry from the depths of dust and ruin.
These verses were not written in comfort.
They were born in the shadows of bombed homes,
in the silence that follows screams,
in the breath of a child buried beside her doll.

Each page speaks of what was lost—
but also of what remains:
dignity, resistance, the refusal to forget.

We write not to change the world,
but to remember it—
to hold its wounds in our hands
and whisper:
“We saw. We felt. We stood in the dust.”

> The light and warmth of the sun surpass
the light and heat of every bomb.
And I stand in this dark night, waiting for
the dawn. Isn't the morning near?



Without you, I am undone—
like the scattered hair of little
girls in Gaza.